

MARVEL  
8th Dec 90

# THE REAL

№130 45p

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# GH<sup>o</sup>STBUSTERS™

**FREE**



ISSN 0954-9404



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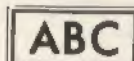
**Y**up! Sure looks like Issue one hundred-and-thirty of the spookiest comic around, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, is going to be a *heap big* issue. Packed full of ectoplasmic entertainment, this week's edition offers you not only the scariest stories this side of the mortal plane, but also a few from the other side as well. So while you are munching through your **free** Chewy Bar, cast your eyes over the slimiest of spectres, the **Baseball Beastie!** The Real Ghostbusters help Winston's all-time hero to return to the ballpark, because they discover that there is no *base* like *home!*

Peter and Slimer travel to the local museum to see the latest Red Indian exhibition, but not all is how it should be, in **Heap Big Horror!** There's also the final part to the hilariously spooky, **Dr Slimer and Mr Fred!** And as if that isn't enough, look out for next week's issue when there will be tons and tons of Ghostbusters goodies to win. Don't dare miss it!

## CONTENTS

<b>Baseball Beastie!</b> .....	3
Spectral Spectrum Page .....	4
Spengler's Spirit Guide! .....	9
<b>Heap Big Horror!</b> .....	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: DoppelSlimer .....	13
<b>Dr Slimer and Mr Fred!</b> – Part Two .....	15
Dead True! .....	20
Slime Time/Newsagents' Coupon .....	21
Next Week Box/ <b>Blimey! It's Slimer!</b> .....	23

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Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



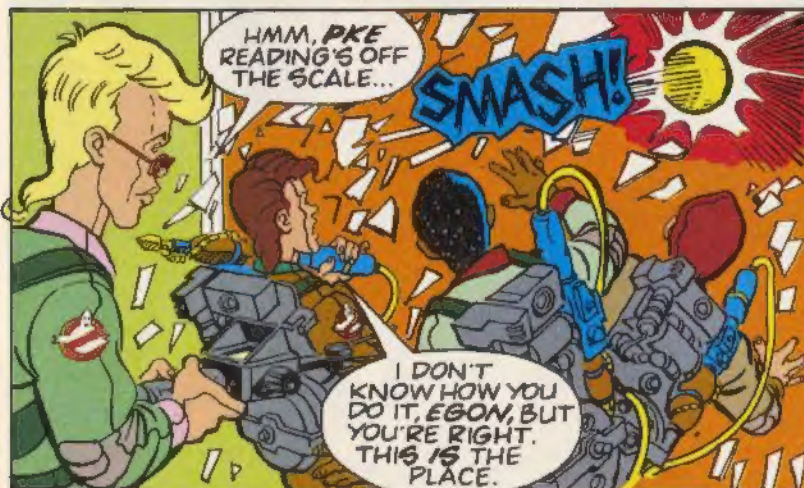
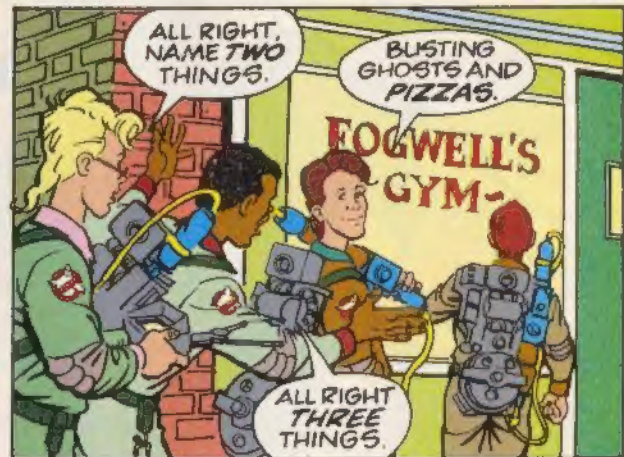
JANINE  
MELNITZ



SLIMER



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

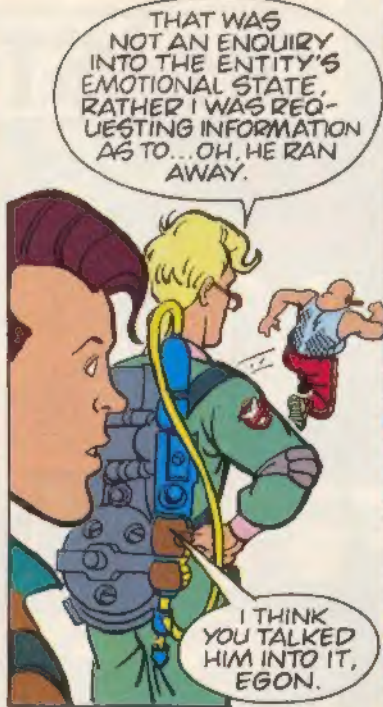






BUT, SIR, IN YOUR PHONE CALL YOU NEVER TOLD US WHAT IT IS!

IT'S **ANGRY!** IT'S VERY, VERY **ANGRY!**



THAT WAS NOT AN ENQUIRY INTO THE ENTITY'S EMOTIONAL STATE, RATHER I WAS REQUESTING INFORMATION AS TO... OH, HE RAN AWAY.

I THINK YOU TALKED HIM INTO IT, EGON.



INSIDE THE GYM...

IF WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR, HOW ARE WE GOING TO RECOGNIZE IT WHEN...? GULP!

...WE SEE IT?

MAYBE EGON CAN HELP.

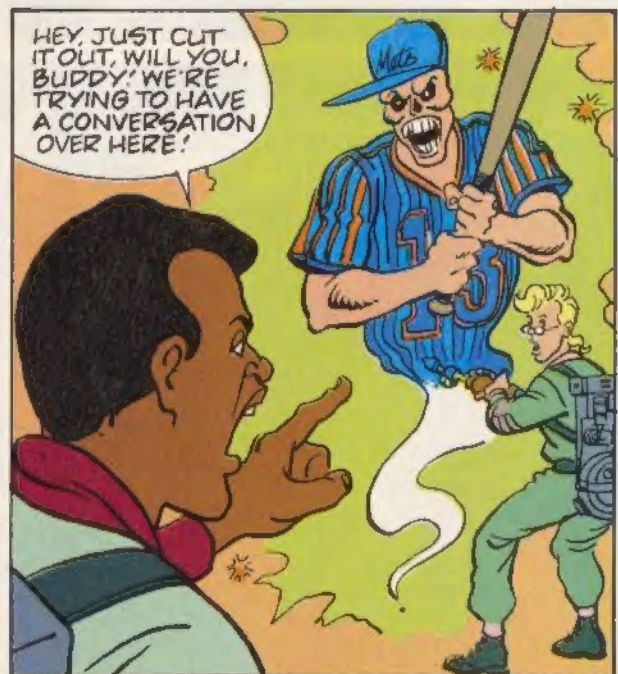
YES, YES, PETER! WE'RE CLOSE.



I'M **BIG JOE DEMOJO** AND I CAN TAKE ANYTHING YOU CAN THROW AT ME!

DON'T BE SCARED, GUYS! REMEMBER WE'RE **SCIENTISTS!**









WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU ANYWAY? WHY AREN'T YOU HELPING THE METS TONIGHT?

WELL... BECAUSE I'M DEAD.

DEAD? DEAD? I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THAT'S AN EXCUSE, HUH?



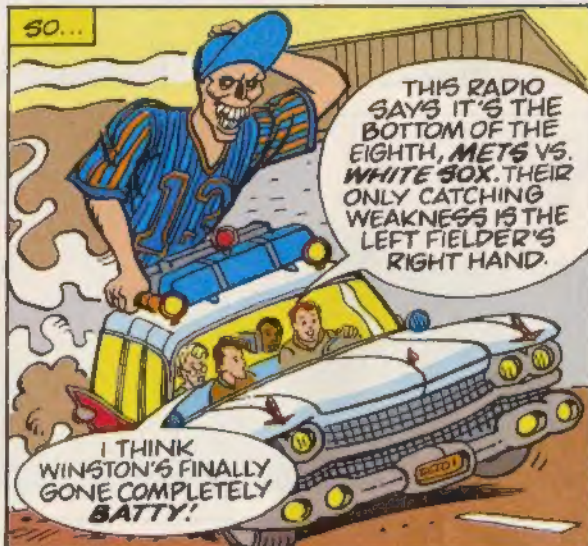
AND JUST WHY ARE YOU SO ANGRY?

I MISSED ONE WORLD SERIES BECAUSE OF MY DEATH, AND NOW TONIGHT I'M GOING TO MISS ANOTHER.



I THINK YOU CAN HELP THE METS WIN TONIGHT, AND STILL SCORE A HOME RUN TO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

YOU DO? HOW?



SO...

THIS RADIO SAYS IT'S THE BOTTOM OF THE EIGHTH, METS VS. WHITE SOX. THEIR ONLY CATCHING WEAKNESS IS THE LEFT FIELDER'S RIGHT HAND.

I THINK WINSTON'S FINALLY GONE COMPLETELY BATTY!



AT THE GROUND...

IT'S OKAY THESE FELLAS ARE WITH ME.

I'M SORRY WE'RE COMPLETELY FULL.



IT'S OKAY. THESE FELLAS ARE WITH ME.

WILL THAT BE **STANDING** OR **SEATED**?







# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE

The Crowfoot Indians of Colorado, unlike their neighbour tribe, the Algonquin, are not named after a hotel. They possess one of the most formidable oral traditions in the Americas, a massive catalogue of folktales that are handed down from father to son, borrowed by cousins, left out in the rain by absent-minded nephews, handed back to fathers by sons who didn't realise they were for them, taken back to the shop by fathers, exchanged for a larger size and then handed down from father to son at the next suitable occasion. Like most of the Amerland races, the Crowfoot ancestry originally crossed to the North American continent from Asia via the natural bridges formed during the last days of the Ice Age. In the last days of the Ice Age, there were many big reductions on selected glaciers and ice floes – this was the time the Crowfoot call Hiapurchase, literally the 'time-of-everything-must-go'. Guided by their guardian spirit, a rather raddled looking coyote called Barnabus (literally 'Barnabus') the shamen of the Crowfoot, encouraged his tribe to linger longer than many of the other migrating tribes, snapping up many hundreds of super bargains, most of which had melted by the time they reached Colorado.



## PART 130

This was the first sign that the coyote god was not quite as reliable a source of advice than many had hoped.

Envious of the guardian gods used by other tribes, the Crowfoot swiftly created some more of their own. Undoubtedly the rather reluctant god of storms and sky, the Thundervole, was the most spectacularly unsuccessful, as were the enthusiastic attempts of the Crowfoot to return the vole to his natural element, the high and boundless heavens.

During the subsequent vole-shortage, when food was scarce, the Crowfoot first became engaged in a bitter landwar with the neighbouring Sue Indians, so named because they often

threatened to sue the Crowfoot for the extraordinary absence of voles in the land. So brutal was the war, the US government decided to intervene, and a cavalry battalion was sent out from Fort Worthless under the command of General Wild Will 'Bison' Custard the second.

The cavalry and the Crowfoot confronted each other at Hiadroppa, a hill whose name means literally 'place-where-the-voles-came-to-earth', and it was there that the Crowfoot adopted the tactics suggested by the coyote-god and occupied the hill top, waiting to be entirely surrounded by Custard's men before launching their surprise attack of charging down at the soldiers and hitting them repeatedly with moccasins. Luckily Custard talked them out of the whole thing and persuaded them to go home. The only injury received was to Custard himself, who wounded a knee getting off his horse, and the battle was decisively Custard's last stand for a little while.

The Crowfoot returned to their reservation, ran the coyote out of town, and settled back to invent stories of heroism and success that would take their mind off the fact that the spirit world had made them look extremely silly for over nine thousand years.





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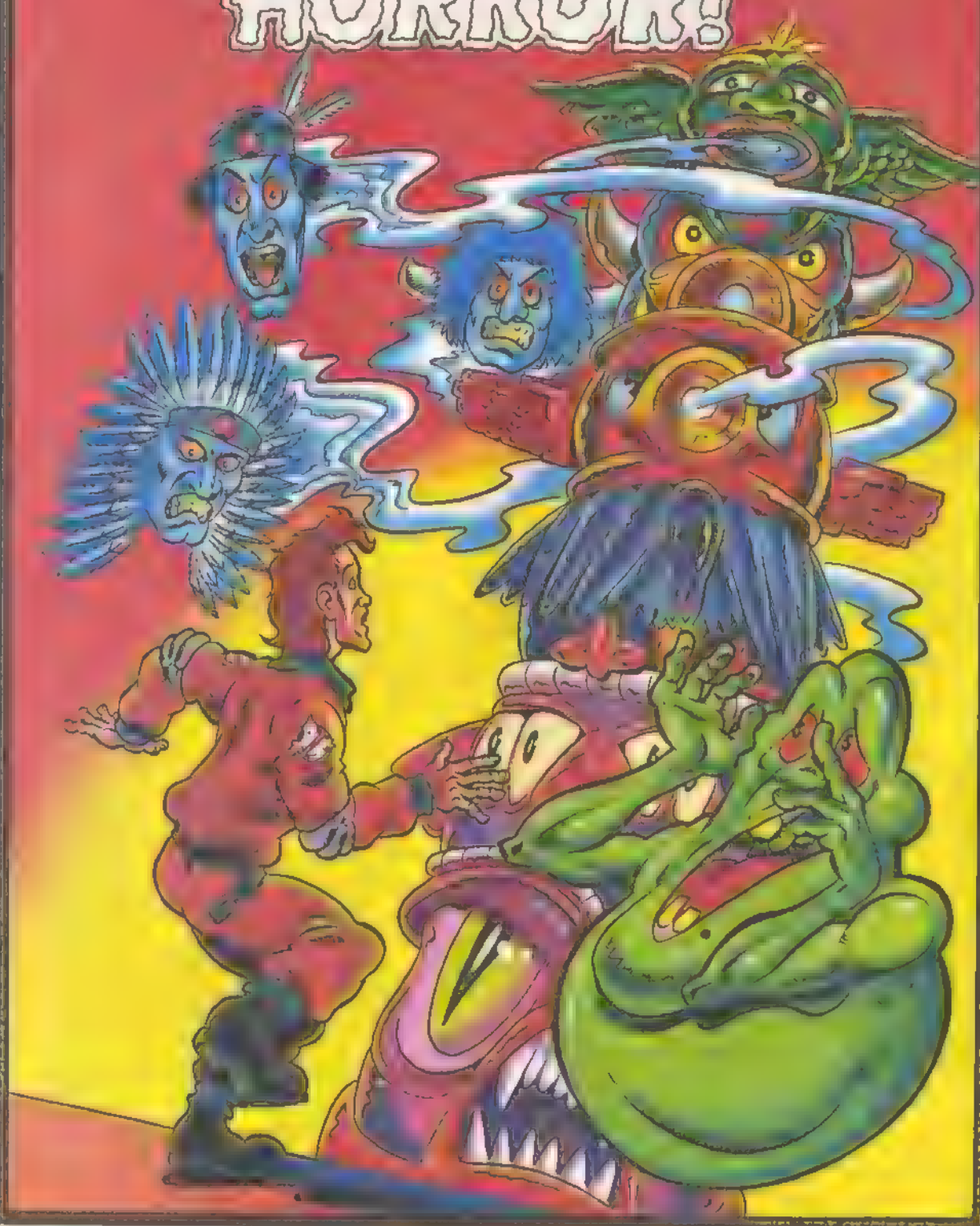


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MY TURN  
TO LOUP



# HEAP BIG HORROR!



Story JOHN FREEMAN © Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS



## Totem poles, weather spirits, mysterious Indians – this can only be a job for The Real Ghostbusters!

Peter Venkman shifted nervously in his chair at the opening of an exhibition of the American Indian Art Room at the Museum of Metropolitan Art. Around him, and a crowd of people, were impressive displays of Indian relics in special cabinets.

Many famous people, including The Real Ghostbusters (and Slimer, much to Peter's dread!) had been invited. It was a very special event for the Museum and the curator knew that so many people under one roof – such as film stars, directors and top businessmen – would mean the Exhibition would get a lot of newspaper coverage. He wasn't wrong – at least twenty newspaper photographers were in the back of the hall, snapping away and totally ignoring the huge Indian totem pole behind them.

Unfortunately, they weren't snapping the film stars but Slimer, who was proving the centre of attention. The ghost happily continued to chomp his way through his tenth packet of popcorn, mixed with a raisin and marmalade sandwich. Peter fidgeted again, as Slimer grinned and offered his "buddywuddy" a slime-covered popcorn bag. "Er, no thanks," muttered a red-faced Peter, "– I'm trying to give up." Slimer shrugged, gave a pleased moan and started eating again. The ghost was really enjoying himself!

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the curator from the front of the room, calling for attention. "I'm delighted to bring you together today to see the opening of this exhibition. As you know, centuries ago, it's rumoured the early Dutch settlers bought the land upon which New York stands for a few glass beads. . ."

"I hope this isn't going to be a long speech," whispered Ray, looking at Slimer as he started on another bag of popcorn.

"Despite Slimer's eating habits, I'm starting to feel really hungry!"

"But this is a fascinating excursion back to the roots of New York as we know it today," Egon protested, trying to listen to the curator. "We know very little about the Indians that lived on Manhattan Island before the Dutch arrived and this is one of the first exhibitions to centre on their relics. From a socio-political and humanocentric view –"

"Sssh!" said Winston, "The man's getting to the end, anyway!"

"And so ladies and gentlemen," finished the curator, "I declare this exhibition open!"

"AND I DECLARE IT CLOSED!" came an eerie voice from the back of the room. Ray felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise and the room temperature suddenly started to drop.

"Uh oh," said Winston looking round. "Looks like we've got BIG trouble!"

Pouring from the totem pole came what seemed to be green smoke, creeping its way through the newspapermen and towards the main audience. The mouth of one of the faces on the top of the totem pole slowly, slowly creaked open, its eyes glowing. "THE DEAL IS OFF!" came the voice again, "THE BARGAIN HAS NOT BEEN SEALED!"

With that, the green smoke changed, becoming solid and then, quite unexpectedly, the room was surrounded by Indians armed with spears, glaring at the crowd. Their angry faces made it easy to tell they were not in a good mood. The famous people were beginning to regret coming. One director, Hoody Ballen, looked very nervous and started blaming himself for the entire incident. Egon stood up and challenged the totem pole. "Excuse me," he began, "What exact bargain are you talking about?"



"The land deal," the totem pole replied, surprised at being interrupted, "The bargain which gave you white skins the land on which this building stands and all that could be seen from the nearest hill. You have gone beyond that which could be seen, dug into that which could not be seen. The deal is off!" With that, the Indians started herding everyone out of the room with their spears, bristling under the painted symbols that covered their bodies. "Whew, war paint!" whistled Ray. Slimer looked totally unworried. "Heybuddys goodee fun game this, eh?" The Indians started to snarl and poked Slimer with a spear.

"Eek!" squealed the ghost, and shot through the nearest wall to safety.

Outside, the police hurried everyone to safety as a huge crowd started to gather. The Real Ghostbusters dashed to ECTO-1 and started to suit up in Proton Packs and Guns. "What do you make of all this, Egon?" asked Peter as he checked his PKE Meter. "I'm not sure, yet," said Egon. "If there was some deal struck for New York in the past between the Dutch and the Indians, perhaps it has been broken in some way. The Indians were much closer to what's called the Spirit of the Earth, in touch with 'The Green'. Perhaps someone's harmed it."

With that, the four men marched back into the museum and headed for the Indian Room. Slimer greeted them nervously. "No likee iron spikething," he wailed.

"Iron?" started Egon, checking his silent PKE Meter for some damage. "Then those spears were —"

"Real, Egon!" Winston finished. The Indian Room's display cabinets were completely empty!

"Tricked!" said Peter. "We were fooled by thieves disguised as ghosts!" He kicked the totem pole and a voice changer dropped out of the mouth, crashing to the floor. Slimer poked his head sheepishly through the woodwork. . . "Sorreeeeebuddys!" he moaned, "Bad men gone thataway!" The ghost pointed down a corridor and Winston

caught sight of a 'Red Indian' running round a corner.

"Let's play this as a real ghost bust," he said quickly, racing after him, "or they'll get away."

Outside, by a huge lorry, the thieves' ringleader was laughing his head off. "You shudda seen those guys faces!" he smirked, "Even fooled those Ghostbusters into thinking we was real ghosts. Everyone took off as fast as they could and we just helped ourselves!"

"Here they are, Peter!" shouted Winston, bursting through a set of double doors. Peter stepped out, Proton Gun crackling with energy. "Right," he grinned, "Let's get these ghosts!"

"Hey," said Winston, "It's lucky we've never hit a human being with a Proton Beam by accident."

"Yeah — think what would happen!" Peter nodded. "Losing your hair, turning purple with green spots, floating six feet off the ground for the rest of your life. . ."

"And that doesn't include the spatio-displacement of the thermontronic nuclei and associated vertebrae," agreed Egon, sagely. "Still, let's get these ghosts and get this over with. He raised his gun and fired. The Proton Beam bounced off the side of the lorry in an impressive display of Proton pyrotechnics.

"Stop!" screamed the thieves' boss, dropping to the floor, "We're not real ghosts! Don't shoot! We'll come quietly!" said the thief.

"Good," Peter replied, "Your shouting was giving me a headache."

As the thieves were dragged away by the police, Ray looked at his Proton Gun with a worried expression on his face. "The Proton Beams wouldn't really have done all those things, would they?" asked Ray. "Of course not," said Egon. "We're dealing with perfectly understood, perfectly balanced energies here."

"Which is more than can be said for Slimer's eating habits," said Peter as he watched Slimer happily open yet another bag of popcorn. "I'll never understand them!"



# DOPPELSLIMER

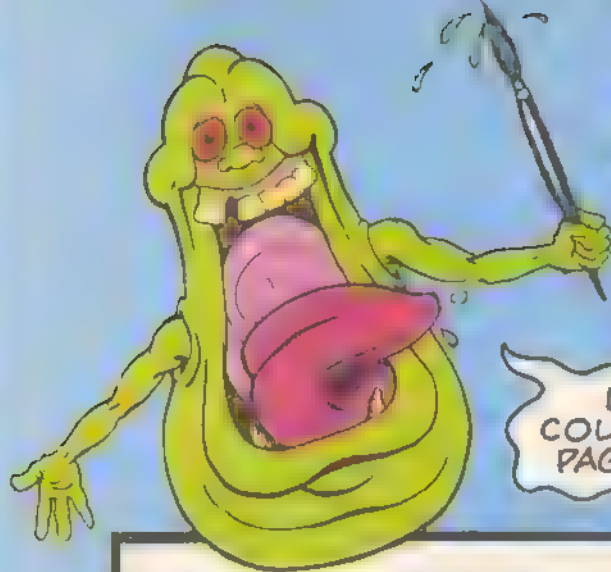
Doppelgangers are the evil doubles of living people, but this particular impersonator was a stand-in for Peter Venkman's favourite hated spook, Slimer. After the green ghost had downed both of Peter's bottles of the fizzy stuff, and for once given himself an upset stomach, Egon carried out some ecto-experiments on the ol' spud. Meanwhile, sandwich boxes were being slimed, ECTO-1 was being engulfed in ectoplasm and things were getting decidedly messy. When Egon followed the trail of ectoplasmic residue down to

the basement, he found Peter's worst nightmare: two Slimers. One evil and one just plain greedy!

The only logical solution was to bust both of them in order to get rid of the slime-oteur. Regrettably, The Real Ghostbusters had to turn the Proton Guns on both of them, until Peter had the brainwave to throw them both a bottle of fizzy pop. The real Slimer immediately dropped the bottle, knowing what a terrible effect it had on him. The doppelganger was busted. There had been a slight hiccup in his slimy plan.







# SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

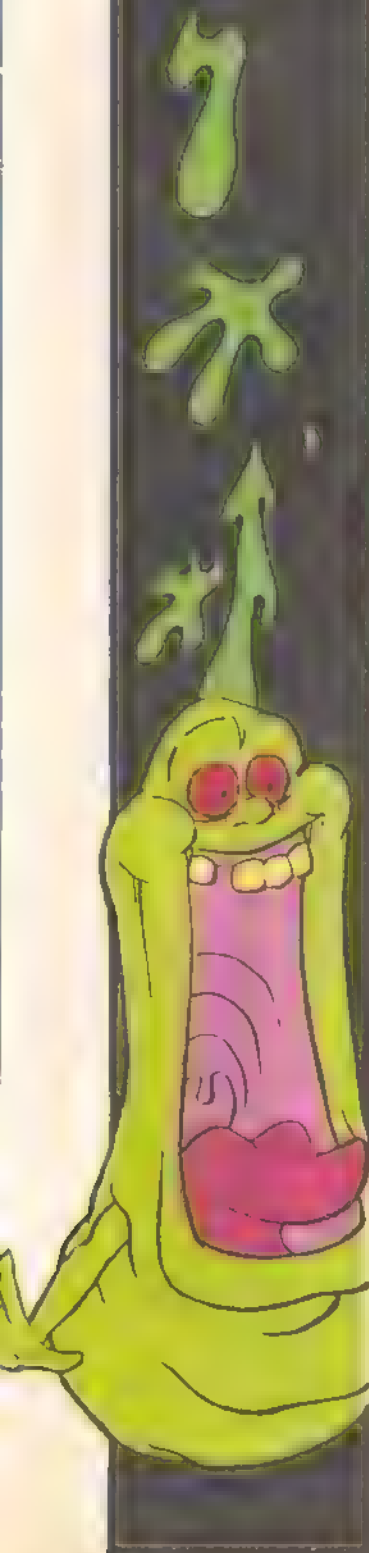
LOVELEE  
COLOURING-IN  
PAGEY-WAGEY!!





# SLIMER!

Part Two: Fred, Slimer's doggy friend, has accidentally drank one of Egon's monster potions and has turned into a demon doggy



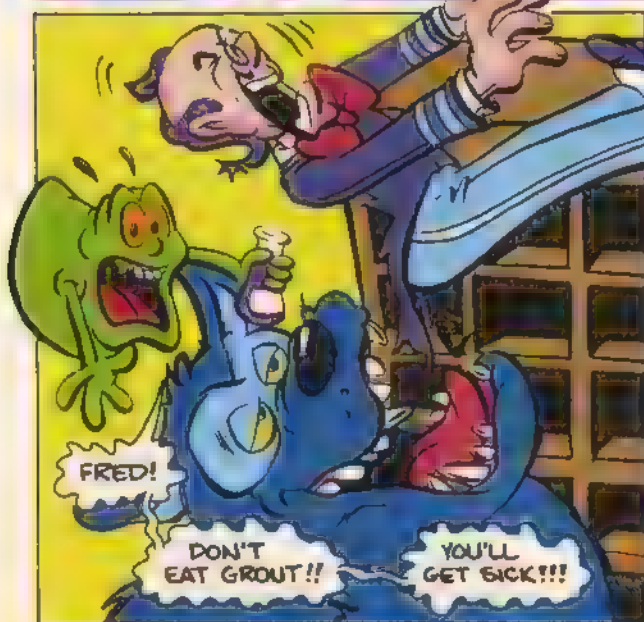
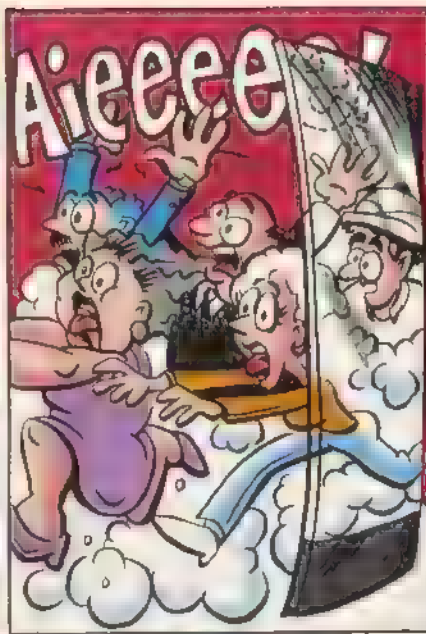




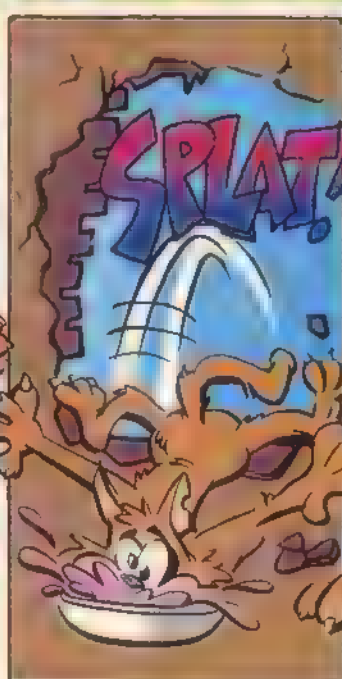






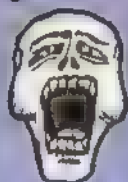








# DEAD TRUE!



In the rugged North Devon coast, near Ilfracombe, stands an imposing, rambling old house known as Chambercombe Manor. Every year, the Manor attracts hundreds of visitors all hoping to catch a glimpse of the building's most notorious resident – a tall ghostly woman dressed in grey who serves as a reminder of the Manor's most gruesome and morbid past!

Four hundred years ago, the Manor was home to one Alexander Oatway, a notorious ship wrecker. On stormy nights, he would make his way down to the rocks below his home, carrying a powerful lantern, and lure lost and unsuspecting ships on to the rocks where they were surely doomed to founder. He would then commence to plunder the vessels of his unfortunate victims and by this dishonest and

evil means he made a comfortable living. One particularly treacherous night, as Alexander was about his gruesome business, his son, William followed him down to the coast where he happened upon a rare survivor – a beautiful young Spanish woman. William rescued the woman and later they were wed. The young couple left the family home to start a new life together on nearby Lundy Island until twenty years later when Chambercombe Manor became vacant and they returned with their daughter, Kate. Eventually Kate married an Irish sea captain named Wallace and moved away to start a family of her own. Years passed, until one fateful night, a vicious storm blew up and a ship was washed aground on the rocks. William rushed to its rescue, but it was too late. Stranded on the rocks lay a young woman, disfi-

gured by her ordeal, but alive. William carried her back to Chambercombe, but alas she was not to survive and passed away during the night. The temptation was too much for her rescuer, and he could not resist plundering the woman's belongings, gaining enough wealth to buy his family home. Not wishing to give up his booty, William denied all knowledge of the girl, until her learnt of her true identity – his only daughter, Katherine Wallace. The couple were so distraught at the loss of their child, that William walled his daughter's body in a secret room and moved away. And so the body remained a guilty secret until it was discovered a hundred and fifty years later. The unfortunate Kate's ghost has been seen haunting her former home but strangely she is reported as having a smile on her face.





# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
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Knock, knock.  
Who's there?  
Teresa and Angus.  
Teresa and Angus who?  
*Teresa Green and Angus Macoatup!*

– Ben Roscrow, Crewe

What is Slimer's favourite programme?

*The Green Life!*

– Rebecca Whitley, Waddsdon

Why did the little ghost measure himself?

*Because he wanted to know if he had gruesome!*

– Ryan Metcalf, Doncaster

What's a ghosts favourite pub called?

*The Hearse and Gloom!*

What's even more invisible than the invisible man?

*His shadow!*

– Adam Javed Stokes, Ilford

What is Winston's favourite book?

*The Haunted House by Hugo First.*

– Anon, Twickenham

What do Eskimos use for money?

*Ice lolly!*

– Paul McGurnaghan, Belfast



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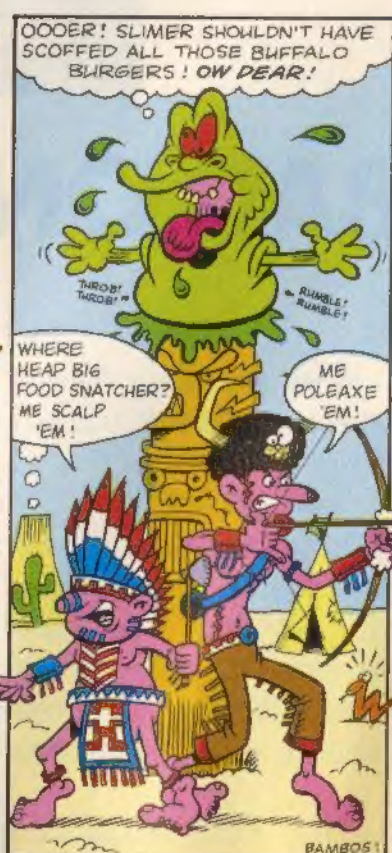
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